BLUEBELL

1968

CADET BLUEBELL STAFF

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COMMANDANT'S MESSAGE

The Bluebell was first produced by the officer cadets who were at The RCEME School in the summer of 1953. Its purpose was to be a reminder of the activities and personalities of the course and to be a precedent for future courses.

Your issue, the sixteenth consecutive publication, fulfills this purpose. It will remind you of the friendships made and the highlights of your course, both serious and those of a lighter nature, during your stay at The RCEME School.

The course this year has been most successful from the point of view of the staff of the School. Your cooperation and enthusiasm were much appreciated, and we look forward to seeing you here again in a year or two for your Subaltern EME Course.

In the meantime, we hope you have benefited from the instruction presented and are now more aware of the responsibilities of an officer in the Corps of RCEME. We wish you every success in your studies in the coming year.

A.L. Maclean
Colonel
Commandant The RCEME School

SECOND PHASE

TACTICS EXERCISE

You're probably wondering why I called this meeting?

T··O··I··L····

I'm sure I set the tent up somewhere around here.

TACTICS EXERCISE

by

O/Cdt G.A. Greenfield

It was a clear crisp day as the intensly intuitive mind of the Canadian Army lunged into action. As if by instinct they knew, not only that the enemy was coming, but exactly which country the forces belonged to. Naturally the officer cadets were called up since it was their particular specialty (it says right there in paragraph 9, sub-paragraph 4, sub-section 7 that officer cadets will be the only portion of the Canadian Forces thrown into pitched battle with the terrible troops of the fighting Fantasians and that these cadets, shall do battle with no other foe, until such time as they are commissioned into the official troops of the land).

Moving with typical speed and efficiency they raced to the gas chamber to test their special "masks protective" to ensure their safety should the enemy dare to unleash some dastardly plan of extermination via gas warfare (they tell me a simple way of checking was developed in '45 but you have to give the officer cadets credit for being "gung-ho" or stupid whichever seems more applicable).

Working with usual efficiency we blasted through the QM in about one hour, after all, we did have to draw three items each, and fled in a big bus into the countryside to be amongst mother natures splendors.

Rapidly we set camp and organized into relaxed defensive positions, watchful for the enemy patrols, air reconnaissance, and DS (DS we have found stands for "Detectable Surveillance" - they are detectable because they make heavy use of IR equipment, that is infra-red and every officer cadet has learned to recognize and avoid this IR situation in the forming).

Giving the enemy every credit for intelligence and recognizing some of the brilliantly disguised infiltrators he employed, our leaders visualized an attack in the making. It was amazing how they saw through those cow disguises, not one of us even remotely thought of it. But learning from experience, we gave them credit for teaching us how to recognize Fantasians patrolling in cow suits. It's really simple, all you have to do is walk carefully and casually up to them, then try to feed them grass - if they won't eat the grass this is your first hint, and the final clincher, and this is a real stroke of genius, is to scratch their heads (at this stage of the game I must explain to those of you who are not so well versed in Fantasian physiology that they are as ticklish as hell on the head), if they laugh you know either you've caught an invading enemy or else discovered a laughing cow to send to Ed Sullivan.

After defeating the enemy patrol by driving them off with a little stick we resumed the war. Advancing toward the enemy we tactically, crossed eighty-six thousand, four hundred and seven farmers fences (it is to be noted that we didn't discover our "use only in case of real war" pair of fence cutters until fence number 86,408 which we cut down.

Next on the agenda, after calling off the war for a fifteen minute smoke break, was a four hundred yard road march which had to be done before we could do our tactical "thing" at good old 86,409 (tactical road march means, that when a guy and his date drive down the road, everyone jumps into the ditch and makes like a casual worm picker giving the ground a close look. Everyone felt sorry for that poor fellow knowing he was driving to certain death in the enemy's hands but "War is HELL!").

After spending time and our first serious work dodging "land mines" in a pasture we arrived at the good, old, reliable iron horse tracks. Following the "spoor" of this mighty beast we were attacked out of the night by another patrol of costumed Fantasians (same old No. 7 cow suit). We continued to move on while our combat hardened leader moved back to investigate, rejoining us five minutes later.

Regardless we continued on strategically into the night (it struck me funny that so few of the civilians were sweating the war, but then civilians in general are a pretty apathetic lot) driving our small band of troops toward the enemy. The next major obstacle was the Fantasians most subtle, disguised, and generally sneaky device known as "the Highway". Set up as a clear field of fire it is employed at night because of poor visibility as a crushing path where maniacs drive up and down in cars crushing those foolish enough to attempt a crossing. But being officer cadets, with magnificent military training we crossed it uneventfully.

A quick jump over 86,410, a cup of mother Monkman's superb hot water coupled with ration pack coffee and we were encamped for the night.

The morning - the first sound that came to my ears was a loud, loud, A-A-A-A-auugh; my fist instinct was to scream Attack! Attack! and lead my fellow cadets to certain victory. Leaping from my sleeping bag I quickly recce'd the situation only to find out that nauseous noise was only Uncle Wim rousing himself from his usual deep sleep. All that panic and rapid movement wasted - RATS!!

The rest of the day consisted basically of doing the "Worm picking thing" periodically and doing you know what from 86,411 up to at least 86,582 and generally frightening dogs, children, and little old ladies with stories of the invaders a scant few miles away (sorry scratch the children, they know when you're talking about ludicrous things).

Evening found us in an encampment, only a mile from our barracks only to discover two things; primarily the war wouldn't be over until the next day, and second the sneaky enemy had sabotaged our boots by installing one way pores and blister makers obviously while our backs were turned, to create chaos among the troops.

In the early afternoon a section bravely set off to recce a bridge for a platoon attack planned for that night. It was carried out with a relative degree of success (ie we blew the bridge and in typical officer cadet fashion did it with only 90% losses.)

Back to the pit - needles to say after a lengthy march the sentry on duty was conscientious and watchful (that's sarcasm in case you didn't see it). I hope the enemy didn't attack - if they did I apologize because our section slept through it.

The next morning, Sunday morning self sacrifice was everywhere as the RC's gave up their time to guard our weapons while we went to "CIF", church in the field. But the was must go on so we prompted the enemy to fire on us as we were advancing to contact and immediately we threw up a smoke screen - fortunately it was down wind as some of the sneakier enemy had mixed tear gas with our smoke screen, a neat trick if you can do it, but it takes a mighty strong arm to fire a tear gas canister two hundred yards - makes you suspect sabotage, doesn't it. Sabotage is low, sabotage is rank; about sergeant and warrant officer in this case I believe.

The attack finished, the Fantasians again the n th time realizing they were no match for the officer cadets, fled back into their never, never lard leaving the victorious cadets to return to the land of milk and honey, or in this case real food and sleep.

War is "HELL"

SPORTS

COMBAT

SWIMMING?

Beauty and the Beasts

SPORTS

By: O/CDT L. Totton

This year the sports programme was laid out very well having been changed from 0600 hours every day to an hour after classes each day with sports instruction.

To start the year off right everyone trotted off to the swimming pool, for survival swimming. Rick learned to float, while the remainder attempted to qualify for battle swimming. This proved very interesting and informative; for bedecked in combat with helmets tends to make swimming somewhat difficult. Also, it was found that taking off your clothes while in the water played havoc with the buttons.

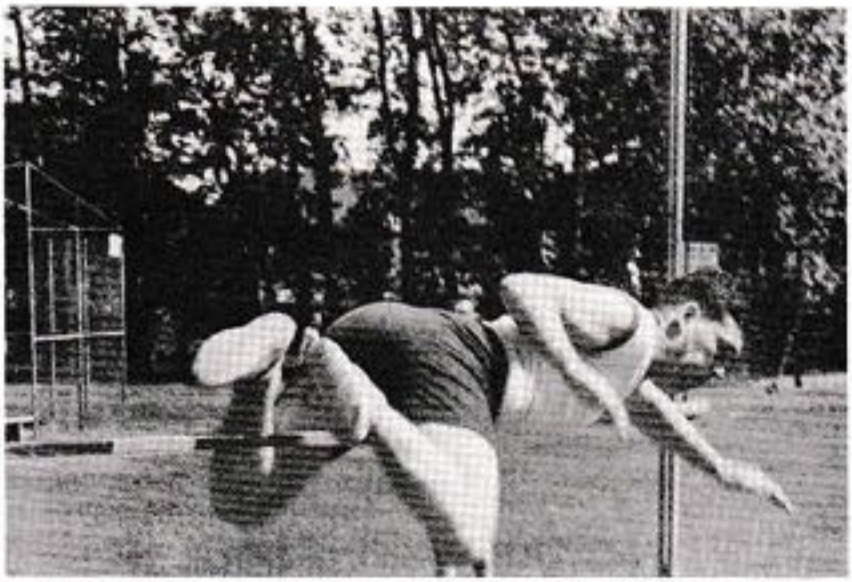
From this we went on to volleyball. After a short introduction to the game, the net and balls were packed and off we went to the ROF exercise. At Lake Sydenham everyone got into the act as we laid out our tactically concealed volleyball court. At least it helped pass away some of the spare minutes we had. Also during our stay at the lake we were able to go swimming on several occasions. The Major brought his boat and nearly everyone had his chance to try water skiing.

Unfortunately (?) our wrestling programme was wiped out by the heat wave, when shutdowns gave way to everyone at the beach.

Soccer was next on the agenda. Dividing the platoon evenly for the next week everyone enjoyed I think, playing and acquiring the skills of the game.

From all our exercise and training the RCEME officer cadets made a large contribution to the base track and field meet. The team under LT Dave Dorman came first and O/CDT Bob White gained the highest point award; along with a new record in the 3 mile event set by O/CDT Bob Jackson.

This climaxed our sports programme for the summer. I thought it was well organized and I'm sure the course would like to thank LT Dave Dorman and the PTI Staff for getting our bodies in such tremendous shape (?).



ATHLETIC
TEAM
LONG JUMP
HOT PAT

THE RALLY

By: O/CDT P. Holt

Once upon a time (to be exact 0700 hours, 27 June 1968) there was a rally at the RCEME School. This was no ordinary rally, however, it was a second phase ROTP rally, a very special occasion, as you will soon see.

Now this annual rite is in reality a variation of the age old initiation ceremony for young warriors. The only difference thank goodness, due to modern technology, the candidates' weapon has been upgraded from the good old Mark I spear to a three-quarter ton truck (Panel, utility or cargo you even get a choice of weapons). This had proved to be much more effective and in the hands of an officer cadet, just as deadly.

Before descending on the countryside to wreak havoc and destruction however, the candidates must conform to certain rules:

1. Every two officer cadets are issued one 3/4 ton truck.

2. They are then given a route to follow described in what at first seemed to be incomprehensible scribblings, but after much deep thought and instruction turned out to be just plain incomprehensible.

3. All candidates are informed of the point system that is used to judge the rally. Points are given for hitting schools, churches, mail boxes, and children between the ages of 5 and 10.

4. The final rule was made up by the contestants while the race was in progress so to speak. An automatic win was to be given to the candidate who could wipe out those two suspicious characters in the jeep. You know the ones who made the tracks in the wrong direction at the turnoffs. It is rumoured they were masquerading as RCEME Officers, a certain Captain Roche and Major Peters, to be exact. Of course we all know that they would never pull a trick like that, so the rumour was immediately squelched.

Well now that you know the rules, on with the details.

Bright and early that fine Thursday morning, an eager, happy lot of cadets raced out of B59 to the officers mess.

No, I'd better tell it straight. You see it had been the custom in years past to have a big party the night of the rally - to celebrate the safe return of all involved, I presume. Well this year we decided to do it differently. Quite intelligently and

rationally we sat down and thought it out, and figured there was a pretty good chance that we wouldn't all make it back. Not that we were exceptionally dumb or reckless or anything like that, just plain scared is more like it. I mean, some of the rumours about previous rallies had reached our ears so we decided, let's have a big party the night before instead. Which we did!

So, about 6 o'clock the next morning we were not exactly keen and eager - in fact it was a pretty motley group that wandered into the officers mess half an hour later to gulp copious amounts of coffee in half-hearted efforts to wake up.

Anyway by some miracle we were all at the starting line, Building C 24 by 0700 hours. In body if not in mind I might add.

The early parts of the trip are quite hazy to my mind, they weren't too important anyway. But about 10 o'clock there were officer cadets scattered all over Kingston Township, Frontenac County and all points east. Oh yes, there were three lieutenants as well, I'm afraid I've been neglecting them. One of them, LT Rick Porritt was my driver, and I must say he was extremely cool headed. Like the third trip past checkpoint one he didn't say a thing, just floored it and took off in a cloud of dust. As we passed checkpoint two we noticed one of the other lieutenants, LT Paul Burman with a flat tire. He and Jean-Paul Forget were madly waving at us to pull over but we roared by (that was another rule by the way). I think he was a bit peeved, I don't really know. He hasn't spoken to me since.

Anyway we continued on our merry way, got lost again, ending up in an abandoned farmyard, had numerous adventures with cows, construction workers and cottages - when lo and behold there was the lunch stop and we were the first ones in! I mean we'd figured we were way behind, and we were by about an hour. But it seemed like everybody else was even worse off.

Well the rest of the day was clear sailing for Rick and I so I think I'll dwell on the massive confusion we left behind.

The undisputed winners at least as far as we were concerned, was the pair known as "Gung" Jackson and "Twiggy" LaBranche; these guys were really out of it. By sheer luck they found the lunch stop and eventually the camp but they swear all other checkpoints were just figments of imagination. As I was saying they racked up points like they were going out of style, over 400 at last count. They didn't hit any churches, schools, or mailboxes though, just a rock, a couple of trees, and a fence. Of course they were in no way to blame for the accident, these rocks are pretty shifty things, they jump right out at poor, defenseless officer cadets.

As for the rest of the merrie band, they didn't come anywhere near that ill-fated crew, though some funny things happened.

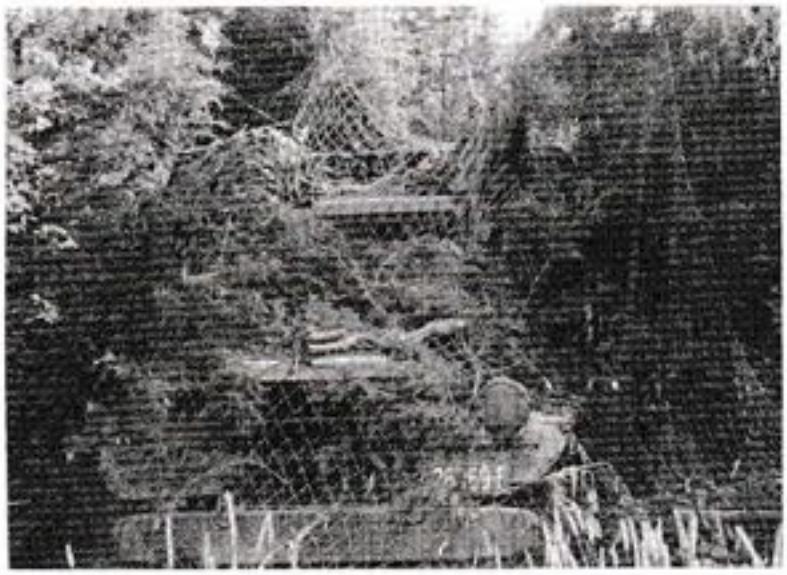
Lenny Totton and Pierre Lagueux missed the checkpoint three where there were 6 vehicles parked. They went by, witnesses say at a speed that just isn't possible to achieve with a 3/4 ton eye fixed to the road ahead, wolfing down sandwiches as they went. Nobody knows where Mec Morin and Gerry Walsh went or how fast but how can you clock over 200 miles on a 150 mile rally and get to all checkpoints early?! The NCO at the last checkpoint was kind of mad at Ernie O'Neill and Alain Tremblay, they didn't even wave as they bombed past in the wrong direction.

There were two teams however I've not mentioned so far. That's because they went through the rally with such a ridiculously low number of points that it is absolutely ridiculous.

Officially first with only, I repeat, only 8 points came that dynamic duo of Gary Greenfield and LT Howie (Kamikaxe) Higuchi (of red volkswagon fame). Bruce Jeffery and Pat Whittingham came next with only 15 points. The rest of us way up in the hundreds figured it must have been a fix. Don't ask me how you can "Fix" a rally but we figured they must have. Or maybe since they were the last two trucks they did it the smart way, stopped at all important turnoffs, noted which way most of the tracks went and then go the other way. This would assure then of victory.

Well, no matter who won, it's how you play the game that counts. And I'm sure that all of us enjoyed the RCEME second phase rally immensely. I'm sure we'd love to have another one, but we figure neither the vehicles nor the instructors would hold up under the strain. And the workshop has enough repairs to do now without our help.

R.C.E.M.E. OPERATIONS FIELD



What trucks?

RCEME

Operation in the Field
By
O/CDT D. Labranche

It all started one fine wednesday night when the major, a few lieutenants and NCOs got together and decided to go camping for about five days. Jumping at the opportunity to take in a bit of fresh air, all the officer cadets of phase two ROTP eagerly volunteered to go along; nothing like a good trip into the country to soothe the nerves. Of course, the first thing to do was to draw vehicles. So, early Thursday morning, you could see about 7-3/4 ton trucks, 7-2½ ton trucks and 4 sigs vans all very handsomely lined up on the parade square as if for a march past. The sun was clearly marking 10:00 hours and all the O/CDTs were carrying out priority task one, ie: Sleeping in the seat of their vehicles.

Suddenly, one of the group remembered that we might find it useful to bring a few things with us on this camping trip, such as: rations for five days, sleeping bags and air mattresses, stoves, tents and chairs (of course chairs, do you think officer cadets sit on the ground). Unfortunately, this bright idea came at about 11:45 hours. Everything was packed and ready to go at 12:45 hours. After a hearty relaxing meal of 15 minutes, everyone was back at the parade square and ready for take off.

AND THEY'RE OFF

At 1330 hours, all were at the new location: the back area of the school. What a drive. "Priority camouflage" so read the order, and everybody tried on a brand new "cam net". The green platoon commander ran around and got the first field workshop of the trip organized. Who believes in being idle on a camping trip anyway? And for two days the pattern was set; do and undo workshops. Our ability to camouflage improved to such an extent that we had to search for two trucks that were too well hidden. This camouflaging business went a bit far however, when Kase decided to camouflage the latrines and nobody could find them.

But finally, the order came; we're moving. Where to? Good question. But the DS promised a long trip this time. The recce group moved off and under the excellent directions of MWO Monkman, it arrived at its destination after 90 mins driving. And what a site. A herbies paradise. Overhead cover as thick as whipped cream and on civilian property (that's the place where you can't cut down trees). In no time the packets arrived, a bit disorderly, but they got there. Soon the workshop was set up and normal routine was resumed: Sleep, eat, sentry, sleep, eat.....and on with the night.

It was an Rof (pronounced ruff) exercise.

Then saturday arrived. It was a nice sunny afternoon with everyone arduously at the task - sleeping; when the word came down. Get your bathing suits. And "2 ROTP FD WKSP" was off for an afternoon of swimming in a private lake with a little water skiing by Mec Morin for a side show. The day finished off with an heroic battle where the strong workshop defences rebuffed wave after wave of fighting mad Fantasians.

Sunday found us in much the same condition. After church services, once again it was swimming and water skiing. Following another meal (?) from ration packs plus (thank goodness) a supplement of MWO Monkman's excellent cuisine, the workshop prepared for its first night move.

Arriving back in camp around midnight it was a quick cam job. Everyone retired for the evening as soon as possible. You could easily hear one chap saying his prayers. Oops, sorry, that was Jerry W going on sentry duty.

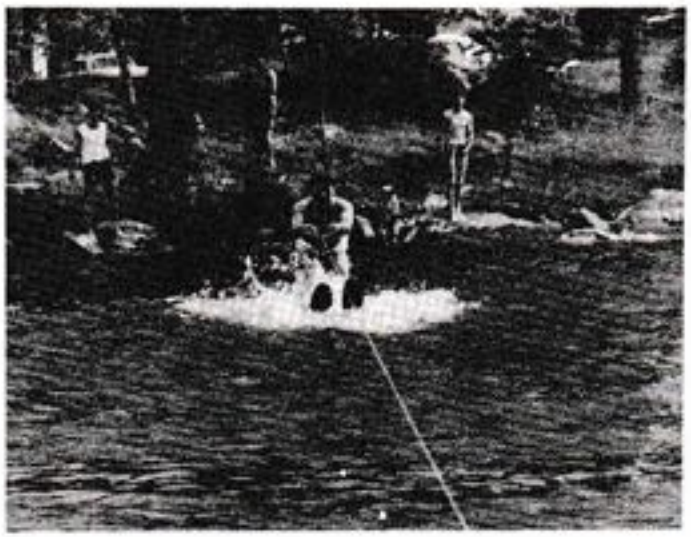
Monday was a new day, and with it a new move and a new workshop location. The old routine was resumed once more, until.....it happened at noon, our first casualty; Twiggy got it. "You should have seen his face" said SGT Wimbush as he returned from the hospital. But there is a bright side to everything, scratch one man from the party and add his rations, (1) to the group's. Finally at night, our forces gained air superiority and the camouflage dropped. We finished the remaining rations (2) and after discovering that N rations (3) had disappeared it was decided unanimously to return home (?) Tuesday morning.

Back at the camp and operation clean-up Everyone cheerfully "Douched" his vehicle and then, ZZZZZZZZ.....

1. Rations was the codeword for beer.

2. See Note 1.

3. See Note 2.



A Fantasian!

Practical recovery.

I have not seen the 3/4
they lost.

COMPANY TRAINING

Made in Japan?

Just throw some cam
nets over it and.....

A Visit to the RCEME Trade Companies

OR

How I Became an Expert Lathe Operator, Radio Technician and Recovery Driver in Four Weeks

By
O/CDT P. Lagueux

Our story opens two days after the ROF exercise has come to its weary end. Our first stop was at Armament Company, the Instrument Platoon. Here we sighted through sights, looked through looking glasses, and spied pretty girls waiting at the bus stop with the high powered binoculars. From there we moved on to Weapons Platoon, where we were shown the gauging of the FN rifle and the 9mm pistol along with such things as bore sighting the 106 mm recoiless rifle and the 4-2 inch mortar. After a few periods with the .50 calibre and 106 mm recoiless, all of us felt ready to take on Rat Patrol.

However, the bulk of our time was spent at Artisan Platoon. The aim was not to make expert machinists out of us. As true officer cadets we carefully followed the aim to its conclusions. Broken cotter pins, the pressing of many levers, the grinding of gears, and the shortage of time all contributed to a finished product which convinced many hard RCEME tradesmen to turn civilian. In any case it was with pride that we handed our multi-purpose projects to our instructors at the end of the week.

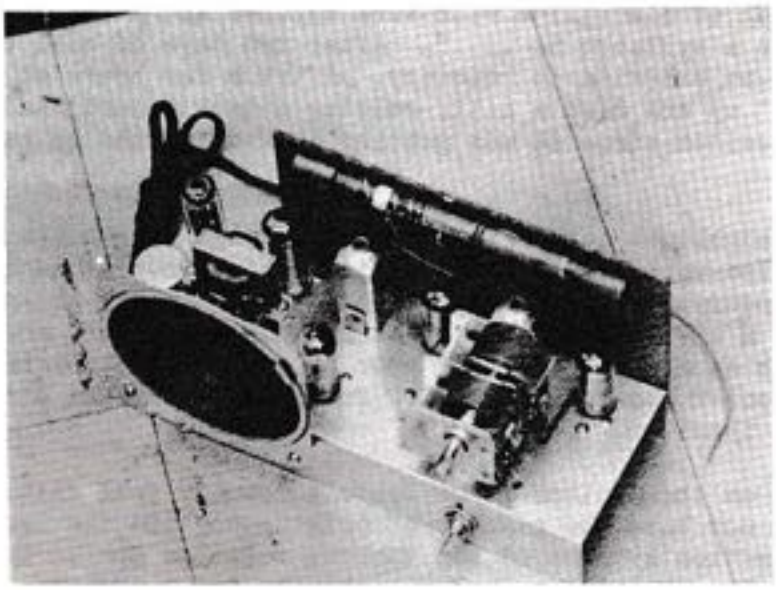
After saying our goodbyes to the lathes and Armament Company, we departed for the greener fields of Electronic Company. To blinky eyes and nodding heads our instructors attempted to teach the basics of impedence, resistance, and the workings of diodes and triodes. In order to keep up the high interest various films were shown. Then, the big moment came when we actually started work on our kits; the one so easy to build a six year old could do it. Admittedly those of us who had prior experience quickly breezed through the intricacies of the kit. To the other, less fortunate ones, the instructors were there to save the day, repairing soldering, inserting missing parts, and generally giving much needed advice. On the last day, Electronics Company shook with the blasts of nineteen radios as each of us showed off his radio to his neighbour. So, poorer by $3.15 but richer in the knowledge of electronics we left for the last stage of our visits.

At last we arrived at the much talked about Vehicle Company, the last stage in our travels in the trade companies. Determined to start us off on the right foot, our instructors quickly instilled us with the feeling of discipline with such cliches as "a tight schedule" and "a syllabus is a syllabus is ....". After two days of hard training we went on our night exercise on recovery. After a few hours at pulling the "Mighty Mouse" up and down a hill, rolling a tank around, and losing a motorcycle we decided since it was getting dark we should go back to the quarters.

The next highlight came a few days later when we got the chance to drive the tracked vehicles in the training area. However such things as putting the Centurion in high reverse while it was still going forward, driving the M 109 through the mud at 25 miles per hour, and playing Stirling Moss with an APC were frowned upon by our usually cheerful instructors. I wonder who signed the CDV for those two tanks after we were through with them?

From then on the excitement of Vehicle Company fell flat. Playing grease monkey did not have the glamour of driving nor did the ignition, brakes, and carburation systems of the various vehicles appeal to the tired officer cadets. Luckily we had our morning drill periods, coffee breaks, and PT periods to keep up the interest.

Generally the time spent at the various trade companies will prove valuable in the future to us as RCEME officers.



AC-DC Superheterodyne Transverse Wave Receiver
(Radio - Stupid!)

Something moved in there!

INSTRUCTORS

The BOSS

Dynamic Duo

And I thought
cows were particular

INSTRUCTORS

Major W.R.L. Springford

As officer commanding of the "Officer Platoon", Major Springford otherwise known as "Sir" for short, was filling a position at the RCEME School this summer while awaiting his posting to Staff College here in Kingston. Many of us knew him very well as "the man across the desk who tells you to read the administrative form and then sign it"; but then again most of us, would you believe slightly less than half, only knew him as "Sir". While on exercise, "Sir" adopted his classic bee-keepers-type-style of head gear which would distinguish him in the future, although no one ever saluted him thus attired, even in the interest in seeing what would happen, cowards all of us! But all in all, aside from the little things like CB and formal warnings, "Sir" turned out to be looking after his men very well, with such things as beer scrounging during "The Strike" and water skiing as a means of relaxing during a tough field exercise. And so "Sir" for an excellent summer training, we thank you!

Lieutenant D.D. Dorman

Look, up in the sky it's a bird, it's a plane, NO! it's "Super Dave" accompanied by his favourite companion at such heights known to those who are close to him as "the-big-long-expensive-thing-to-get-me-over-that-damn-bar" or to the average outside, as a fiberglass pole. Yes, he is LT Dave Dorman, our platoon commander, sports officer and athlete? "extraordinaire". If anyone in the future runs into him, I warn them he plays a mean game of tackle in the officers mess after a few glasses of port. I think we all owe Dave a debt of gratitude for a job well done this summer. He treated all of us as officers and after a summer of being beaten down in the Combat Arms School, rescued a good number of us and allowed us to think for ourselves, something which the previous summer training had destroyed in many cases. He has revealed himself to be an able commander and has the attitude that most of us hope to see evolving in the new young officers of tomorrow.

Lieutenant M. Duchesne

A squeal of tires, a flashy smile, a military uniform and bearing and the comment "Gee officer was I really going that fast", introduces us to LT Duchesne (CD) otherwise known as Combat Duchesne. On exercise one could always find him checking our work, but primarily our breech blocks, seems he heard a breech block in the hand is worth more formal warnings than two in the rifle, or some proverb to that effect. He was always combat ready to deliver a death blow at any time but he was also interested in our safety and welfare, continually asking us if we "had the clues" (seems he must have heard that question someplace). But in closing we must give credit where credit is due, he tried hard, he was eager and I don't think many of us could have done much better. For your efforts we give you thanks.

MWO W.W.B. Monkman

The pride of Arabia, that is not to be confused with the coffee that has over roast bitterness, because they're not under the same cap. In the field he was known as "Mother Monkman" where he slings the hash with great delight providing extra tasty nourishment for all, caring for his brood as only a tender CSM can. When on parade, our disciplinary leader, who has whipped us into a well organized herd, sees nothing other than a pair of boots, primarily the welts, and floating about five feet and a few inches above that a cap badge. But aside from the parade square the tales about the desert, the picture of the snorkelled monster rising from the deep, and the cookhouse, one will always be able to tell our MWO Monkman by the fact that only he will stop a recce patrol at every bridge to check for minnows and die cursing in a parade square voice if there aren't any.

WO G. Brooks

The justice of the old west is deeply instilled in the bones of this man as is, I am sure, a lot of the "monor" of a present day NCO. He is a man of extensive experience both "home and abroad" who is dedicated to passing on his knowledge to those of us who were interested enough to listen to not only his lectures, given as a professional, but also to his unsolicited comments given as an outside observer. I credit him with being an instructor of the highest caliber and as one of those dedicated "SS" troops, we should all extend to him many thanks for his moderating influence on our training. In closing, I still maintain that if it hadn't been for our Warrant, the bartender, such a good "pitcher" of the true value of our training may not have come to light.

SGT E.V. Wimbush

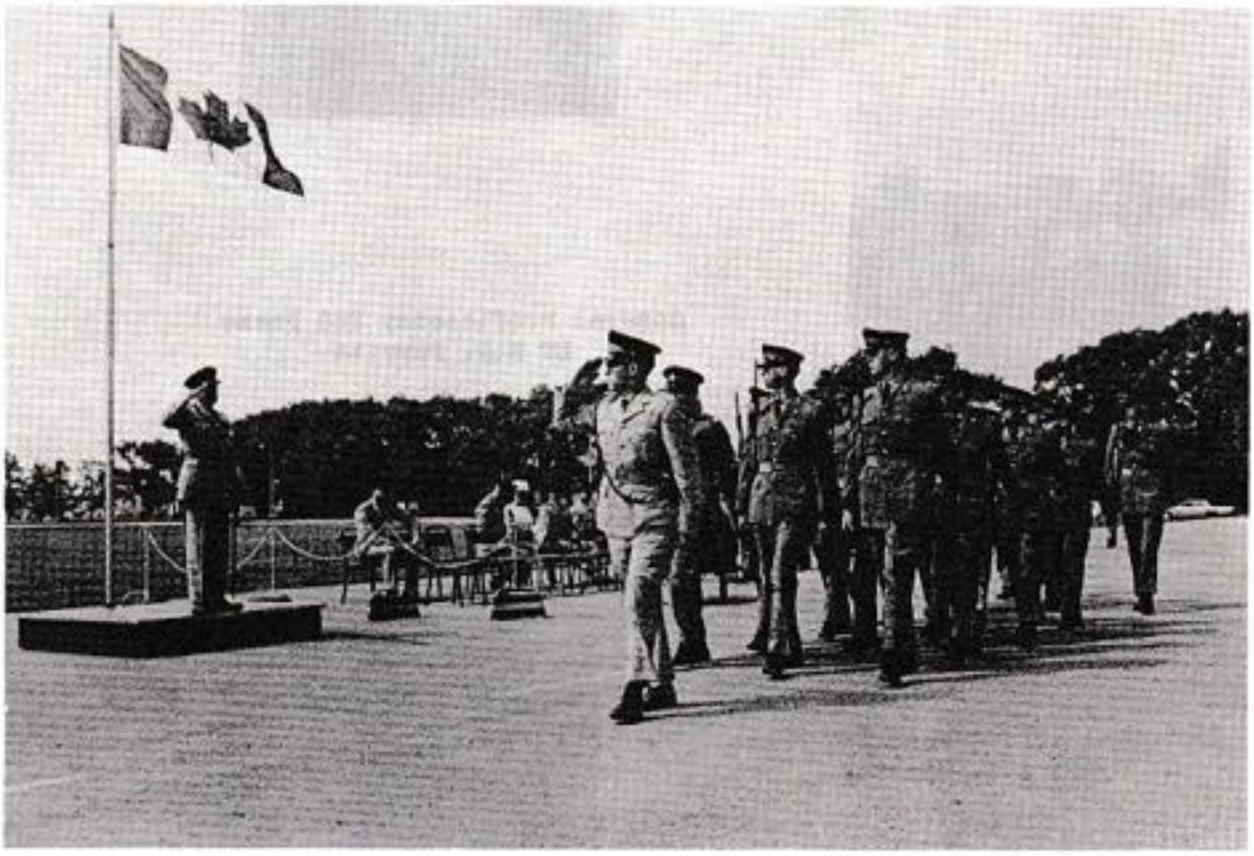
Our very own witch doctor- do you realize that it was he, and he alone who singlehandedly made every decibel of those ungodly sounds we heard every morning upon rising while we were in the field, for it was his way of protecting us from all of the bad things and evil spirits that might befall us that day. In fact, it was he who originated those words which seem to be constantly around us and of which we are continually aware, that "officer cadets are educated but sergeants are intelligent". Often times, it seems, how very true those words were. He is an excellent instructor and well versed in all of our fields, one must thank the third musketeer of the "SS" for an enjoyable summer and look forward to seeing him on the Sub EME Course on two years.

SGT J. McKay

I was speaking to him today, and guess what, after his medical they have declared him fit as a fiddle, or as it might be said "tight" as a piano wire. Ready for another year, ready to take on another herd of officer cadets! (poor man). It's no wonder that he lives where he does,

close to relaxation. But one must give this member of the "SS" credit for being dedicated, why even when we were away on our long exercise he just couldn't desert us. He was drawn almost magnetically to our sides, dressed in a cool white outfit, seemingly heedless of either the number of miles he was forced to drive or the cries of disdain from his fellow "SS", since he had forgotten the refreshments. Yes, I'm sure with the gusto he exhibited when eating and the Gungho spirit he revealed when dousing us with smoke grenades one must readily admit, perhaps with reluctance - SGT McKay you'd make a fine second phase officer cadet; I'm sure that saying that he is totally overwhelmed at our offer, is the understatement of the summer.

GRADUATION PARADE



Best ROTP cadet 2nd Phase
O/CDT P. Whittingham

General Proficiency 2nd Phase
LT R.J. Porritt

Technical Achievement 2nd Phase
O/CDT K.I. Hamming

RCEME School Athletic Achievement
O/CDT E.C. O'Neill

SECOND PHASE AWARDS

BEST ROTP OFFICER CADET SECOND PHASE

PRESENTED BY

THE OFFICERS OF THE CORPS OF ROYAL CANADIAN

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL ENGINEERS CA (R)

AND PRESENTED TO

OFFICER CADET P. WHITTINGHAM

GENERAL PROFICIENCY SECOND PHASE

PRESENTED BY

5 TECHNICAL REGIMENT RCEME CA (M)

AND PRESENTED TO

LIEUTENANT R.J. PORRITT

TECHNICAL ACHIEVEMENT SECOND PHASE

PRESENTED BY

34 TECHNICAL SQUADRON RCEME CA (M)

AND PRESENTED TO

OFFICER CADET K.I. HAMMING

RCEME SCHOOL ATHLETIC ACHIEVEMENT

PRESENTED BY

28 TECHNICAL SQUADRON RCEME CA (M)

AND PRESENTED TO

OFFICER CADET E.C. O'NEILL

THE INSPECTION

GENERAL SALUTE

THE CHARACTERS

LT Paul Burman

Paul, one of our loquacios French speaking compatriots adapted himself perfectly to the rigorous summer of 2nd Phase RCEME training. Both his attitude in class and his relations with the rest of the group can only be rated as excellent, since in addition to the dubious advantage of being one of the three lieutenants on course, he owned the car with the largest seating capacity. Being a person of many diversified interests suited him admirably to the Kingston scene, where he could be seen drifting from the back room of the Manor, to the bar at the Pub, and the 401 Inn, and also to the common rooms and lobbies of the nurses residences and womens residences at Queens. Noted for his "keener than average" arm swing and better than average French jokes, Paul will undoubtedly carry these over to the Sub EME course in the fall where he is quite likely to whip some of his "compatriotes francais" into shape.

LT Howie Higuchi

Howie came to 2nd Phase after four years of idleness at RMC. Being an expert in this aspect of the forces he realized that Signal Corps wasn't for him and he changed to RCEME. "Kamikaze" as he was often called spent the summer learning to drive,and generally adding a few dents and scratches to his VW. In his role as Cadet PMC he did an excellent job organizing, the cadet evenings and the graduation functions. I'm sure many of the officer cadets are eagerly awaiting the day they'll be serving under the future Captain "Guchi".

LT Rick Porritt

On the snowy day of November 18, 1944 Rick was born. His main dislike is to be told "Don't panic" no matter what the situation. He was the odd number throughout the summer, for example c only married one on 2nd Phase training. After graduation from Mohawk College, in Hamilton Rick knew well what he was doing when he chose his career with the Canadian Forces and we are sure of his success. Best of luck to you and Debby in the future.

O/CDT Jean-Paul Forget

"Don't Forget to clean the sink", yes a super keen room-mate willing to do all the work he was not; however, he managed to help pull us through some of the room inspections. Jean-Paul found sailing to his complete liking and free evenings you could find him navigating his way to the RMC docks (this may be as close as he gets but we hope not). Never underestimate a Frenchman and Jean-Paul was no exception. Athletically he played a suprisingly major part in our sports programme. We all wish him the best in all his future studies.

O/CDT Claude Guerette

Claude, the tall skinny Frenchman from Sherbrooke PQ was an alright guy since he wasn't a separatist. There was only one "keen" aspect about Claude, which tended to annoy his roommate; every morning he used to get up early and go to breakfast managing to awaken him in the process. Otherwise he fitted into the group excellently, slack; for instance he never walked anywhere but always rode from point A to B on his motorcycle. All the best on those three sups and for the future.

O/CDT Gary Greenfield

Gary was another of those exceptional civy-U types from the University of Toronto. He had a certain affinity for getting into trouble, piles and piles of it. But with his many years of experience with women he could usually talk himself out of (or into) everything, usually more trouble. If he were an American, he would have been a draft dodger for sure. Gary held that very important position (or shaft for that's all it is) of cadet mess secretary. Most nights he could be found writing and rewriting those CENSORED minutes from the mess meetings. Our thanks to Gary for his part in organizing the cadet evenings and all the best in the future.

O/CDT Kase Hamming

Rejected from Holland, Kase was washed up on the shores of P.E.I., not far from Newfoundland. With all that water around him, he soon developed water on the knee, and could be seen most days walking to PT. It is rumoured that Hanna-Barbara Productions offered him a contract as the Road-Runner but he preferred to turn "sniper" for the protection of the officer cadet platoon. Although he failed to get his year at the University of New Brunswick we wish him all the best in the future as a civilian for one year.

O/CDT Peter Holt

Being an ex Kingstonian, coming from CMR, wasn't something new for Pete. He fitted very well into the training and pulled his weight whereever he could to help. In his intelligent, soft spoken way Pete also got caught up in the cadet social evenings at the mess and helped to make our parties a success. If there wasn't anything interesting to do at the quarters there was always the old Ford to fix. Seriously now, here is hoping you make it just as good back at CMR and with the girls in Montreal.

O/CDT Bob (Gung) Jackson

A rodent in the true sense of the word, Bob did only what he had to in order to survive. He was one of the few that got up for breakfast, but for the first hour or so he seemed to negotiate by radar. This was due to the fact that either his glasses were under the bed, or he was still asleep, or both; but since he never said anything until after breakfast no one knew for sure. Bob must have been pressured to go RCEME for his true calling is infantry. However not as an officer but as a one man battalion. He owns enough weapons to equip the entire Tanzanian Army. Good luck Bob - if things get too dull at RMC there is always something going on at Queens.

O/CDT Bruce Jeffery

It is very difficult for an average officer cadet to describe another one of his fellow companions; after all we are all the same heroic, brave leaders of the Canadian Forces. But Bruce was a bit out of line, being a rodent. On the keen side Bruce earned the respect of MWO Monkman on inspections, but he had his normal slack periods and so fitted well into 2nd Phase. We all liked him very much, but if he had set up a date with his sister for us I'm sure we would have liked him more. But everything considered Bruce was an all Canadian guy who liked any sport. Having graduated from Roads this past year we wish him luck at RMC.

O/CDT Daniel Labranche

"Hey, where is Twig?" "Go to Room 11, the pit nearest the window, that lump under the blanket.: (Twig, for the short form for Twiggy). His real name was Daniel, and this year he will be going back to his final year at Kiddy College, CMR. Both his home and his girl friend are from Drummondville Quebec. His ambitions, well to look at him you wouldn't think he had any. His future plans are first to give hell to those mis-informed recruits, and secondly to pass his year. Best of luck Daniel, hoping to see you at RMC in another year.

O/CDT Pierre Lagueux

Pete, our French Englishman, hails from somewhere in the backwoods of Quebec - Sept Iles I believe they call it. Pete was a novelty to RCEME this year, being the only one who took notes in all classes, why you ask? - well he was RCEME's only artsman. The rumour has it that Pete will have to change corps next year and we all feel that RCEME will be losing a good officer. Back to CMR in the fall to stomp all over those horrible little people (rookies); because he is a normal CSC cadet ie, idle, I pity them, as they will have to be super keen to overshadow his slackness. Best of luck Pete.

O/CDT Mec Morin

A noble man from "la belle province"; Mec used to terrorize us with his weight lifting until we found out they were only made from cardboard. He was a great lover of pizza, and smiled every time you asked him about it. When off duty you could usually find him pitted out, however on duty his normal position was again pitted out in the most comfortable spot available. Noted for his wild driving through the most difficult places, he tried driving everything during the summer. As our messing and entertainment representative he managed to liven up many a cadet evening. Seriously, he was a good kid and we wish him well in his future studies at CMR.

O/CDT Enrie O'Neill

The redcoats are coming! the redcoats are coming! and so is Ernie. Yes, that was Ernie, an EP (early pitter) which was obviously nothing more than a cunning method of recuperating from his hay-pitching (?) in Wolfe Island and his various other athletic endeavours. It seems that with the help of Jane Mance our "quiet Ernie" has also learned those things which must be recuperated from as well as for. Yes, our Queens wrestling champ has certainly learned some practical applications of those "old dull wrestling holds", which we

are sure he plans to use in the fall term at Queens.

O/CDT Lenny Totton

Lenny showed right at the start of the summer that he was intelligent, he joined RCEME from the Engineers. By origin a Saskatchewan farmer, Lenny has benefited a lot from two years at Roads and one at RMC He is an expert sailor, swimmer, wrestler, and has not one but two black books. Thanks to these resources (seemingly inexhaustible) and his skills as a boater, second phase had a lively summer. In addition to being our unofficial recreation officer, Lenny was our sports officer which meant he spent much of the summer lugging around volleyball nets. Seriously the best of luck in your fourth year.

O/CDT Alain Tremblay

Alain was a young man with a brilliant future, a future which at present seems not to include the Canadian Forces, which appears to be their loss. Most of the people around him including those brilliant men above us, knew him as a slacker. Basically he was a serious guy with a fantastic sense of humour, a fellow with a beautiful girl friend, and it seems a real desire to teach and pass on his knowledge to others. Anyway in the opinion of the second phase he was a great guy, and an excellent Canadian, a patient, yet thoroughly disgusted and disillusioned young man. A man most of us would be happy to serve with in "real" action. We wish him all the best in civilian life.

O/CDT Gerry Walsh

Of a military origin, Gerry typifies the RMC cadet. His favourite past-times, when not playing hockey are wine and women, followed recuperation. At other times when of a more conservative nature, Gerry has a strong feeling towards strict discipline in the ranks but seems to have nothing against that age-old idiom, "share and share alike". No doubt it is the same conservative nature which draws him to

Quebec City on weekends. Perhaps a third phase posting near Quebec City would appease your conservative taste, right Gerry?

O/CDT Bob White

Bob, the miner from Sudbury gave up his pick and shovel to join RCEME this summer. The first time I saw him I thought it was John Wayne in person. Bob believes in the old theory that the only silly questions are the ones you keep to yourself, so he asks them all. He did however show a great deal of interest in all of our courses, especially Electronics Company, where he spent extra time building his radio. One thing that is for certain, when a senior next year yells "White!! he'll say "Eh, eh??" So with that thought in mind we wish him all the best at RMC.

O/CDT P. Whittingham

The terror of the treetops and monster slayer from years gone by - in his daring cape, tight sweatshirt, and strapping leotards he strikes fear into the hearts of cadets everywhere as he swings down from the door jam with a blazing MS stencilled across his stomach shouting in a deep voice "You dare to enrage the "Midnight Skulker"". Yes, that was your introduction to Pat our best (?) ROTP cadet on second phase. Aside from his full time job of skulking he seemed to be able to fit in sports organization and leadership. And so "rooks" this fall at RMC remember the mighty MS; he's everywhere!, he's everywhere!!

LT Paul Burman,
RCEME Officers Mess,
KINGSTON, Ontario.

LT Howie Higuchi,
RCEME Officers Mess,
KINGSTON, Ontario.

LT Rick Porritt,
RCEME Officers Mess,
KINGSTON, Ontario.

O/CDT Jean-Paul Forget,
264 81 Ave Chamedey,
LAVAL CITY, Quebec.

O/CDT Gary Greenfield,
49 Bernard Ave,
TORONTO 5, Ontario.

O/CDT Claude Guerette,
RR No. 1 Rock Forest,
SHERBROOKE, Quebec.

O/CDT Kase Hamming,
RR No 1 Cornwall,
Prince Edward Island.

O/CDT Peter Holt,
46A Queenston Heights,
Fort Henry Heights,
KINGSTON, Ontario.

O/CDT Bob Jackson,
Royal Military College,
KINGSTON, Ontario.

O/CDT Bruce Jeffery,
2B Ortona Point,
Fort Henry Heights,
KINGSTON, Ontario.

O/CDT Peter Lagueux,
19 16th Street,
PORT CARTIER, Quebec.

O/CDT Daniel Labranche
562A Brock Street,
DRUMMONDVILLE, Quebec.

O/CDT Mec Morin,
115 de l'Anse,
MONTMAGNY, Quebec.

O/CDT Ernie O'Neill,
51 Clergy Street East,
KINGSTON, Ontario.

O/CDT Lenny Totton,
Royal Military College,
KINGSTON, Ontario.

O/CDT Alain Tremblay,
16 Sallaberry,
BAIE COMEAU, Quebec.

O/CDT Gerry Walsh,
32 Cannon Drive,
Valcartier Base,
COURCELETTE, Quebec.

O/CDT Bob White,
Royal Military College,
KINGSTON, Ontario.

O/CDT Pat Whittingham,
512 Sherbourne Road,
OTTAWA, Ontario.